In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fel.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou here againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.
Pu. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
Oberon. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, whence ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne vnto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meete my *Hermia*.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And

And I ſhall haue no powe
Deme. Do I entice you
Or rather do I not in plain
Tell you I do not, not I ca
Hel. And euen for that
I am your ſpaniell, and *De*
The more you beate me, I
Vſe me but as your ſpanie
Neglect me, loſe me; onel
(Vnworthy as I am) to fol
What worſer place can I b
(And yet a place of high
Then to be vſed as you vſe
Dem. Tempt not too m
For I am ſicke when I do l
Hel. And I am ſicke wh
Deme. You do impeach
To leaue the Citty, and co
Into the hands of one that
To truſt the opportunity
And the ill counſell of a d
With the rich worth of yo
Hel. Your vertue is my
It is not night when I do ſ
Therefore I thinke I am n
Nor doth this wood lacke
For you in my reſpect are
Then how can it be ſaid I
When all the world is he
Dem. Ile run from thee,
And leaue thee to the mer
Hel. The wildeſt hath
Runne when you will, the
Apollo flyes, and *Daphna* h
The Doue purſues the Gr